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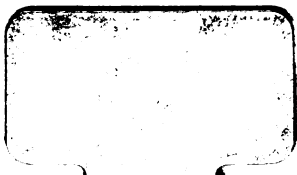
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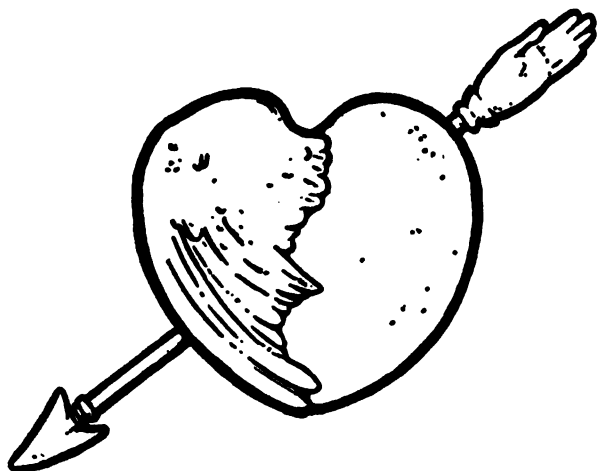








# *Cupid is King*









# *Cupid is King*

By

*Roy Farrell Greene*



W.R.  
1902

*Boston*

*Richard G. Badger*

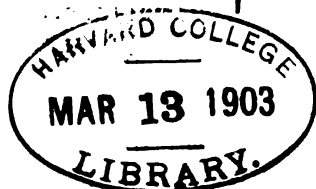
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*The Gorham Press, Boston*

TO MY  
*Father Mother and Wife*

WHO HAVE EVER BEEN MY MOST TENDER  
CRITICS, AND WHO HAVE NEVER  
FOUND A PLAUSIBLE REASON WHY MY  
MANUSCRIPTS SHOULD BE  
DECLINED

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

September 1st, '02.

R. F. G.







*The Illustrations are by*  
**ALBERT T. REID**

&

*The Decorations by*  
**WARREN ROCKWELL**



## *Illustrations*

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# *Cupid is King*



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*Cupid is King*

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*Dorothy's Fan*

Dorothy's fan has a ground-work of blue,  
Dorothy's fan is a drama of art;  
Lovers are grouped—and a peacock or two—  
No doubt but that an affair of the heart  
Moved the quaint artist in dreamy Japan  
Thus to make merry on Dorothy's fan.

Here is a pathway—he's traced that in red—  
Strolling adown it with parasol set  
Somewhat a-tilt o'er her proud little head—  
Mark you this Japanese type of coquette;  
Walking beside her's the usual young man,  
Lovesick and smitten—on Dorothy's fan.

Followeth then a succession of scenes,  
Portraying love as it prospers apace;  
Sweethearts in jackets of yellows and greens,  
Never a change in a figure or face;  
This is a romance of dreamy Japan  
Told by the artist on Dorothy's fan.

Dorothy's prim as a puritan maid;  
When for her heart and her hand I would pray,  
Down droop her eyes to her fan—she's afraid  
Even a glance might a secret betray—  
Love is a romance and life is its span,  
Read me my answer on Dorothy's fan.

*The Way of a Man and a Maid*

A woman may be modest as a daisy in the field,  
Unkissable, staid, sober, prim and all,  
But at parting to temptation any man is apt to yield  
When she puts her arms behind her in the hall.

When she trips from out the parlor and the lights are burn-  
ing low,  
And pauses just a last good night to call,  
A man will think her ready and believe she willed it so,  
When she puts her arms behind her in the hall.

It may be but a fancy that she thus assumes a pose  
That's sure to make the noblest man to fall,  
For he's very apt to make at least a venture ere he goes  
When she puts her arms behind her in the hall.

Since "lips were made for kisses," as the poet tersely states,  
You couldn't blame the fellow after all,  
For, whether chance or will directs, a maiden tempts the  
fates  
When she puts her arms behind her in the hall.

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*Eavesdropping*

I heard her say, "I hate you, hate you, hate—"

'Twas in the dusk of twilight, and I had  
But just a glimpse of two forms by a gate,  
Yet by her tone I knew that she was mad.

And as I wandered farther down the street,  
Those words, "I hate you!" lingered in my mind.  
I wondered were she heartless, scornful, sweet,  
And if the man she hated were unkind.

I grew distressed that love should come to harm,  
And speedily my wanderings retraced—  
They stood much closer, and what looked an arm  
Was resting, lover-like, around her waist.

*An Old Time Valentine*

Though the paper lace is yellowed,  
Mold and mildew seem to cling,  
And the years have rotted, mellowed,  
The beribboned gauzy thing;  
There's a bit of romance hedges  
Round each quaintly written line,  
Deep embossed upon the edges  
Of this old time valentine.

It has lain within the garret  
For these many years ago,  
And the lightest touch would tear it  
Should your fingers rest upon  
The serrate edges fashioned  
In a delicate design,  
And the verses love impassioned  
Of this old time valentine.

There are crinkles in the laces,  
All its beauty time has spent;  
There are wrinkles in the faces,  
And, like it, the backs are bent  
Of the ones who sent, received it—  
For it proved love's countersign,  
Though you would have scarce believed it  
Of this old time valentine.





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So, like those whose cause it aided—  
Wedded now these many years—  
It is wrinkled, wan and faded,  
Yet such faithfulness endears.  
Servants few such service render,  
And it's proven, master mine,  
Hearts meant well the verses tender  
Of this old time valentine.

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## *Cupid is King*

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### *Reminiscences*

The Colonel was telling the story  
Of Grant and the Vicksburg campaign,  
The carnage, the grandeur, the glory—  
How bullets flew thicker than rain;  
And Mabel, his daughter, had listened  
To hear of the enemy's flight,  
Till her eyes with an eagerness glistened  
As she questioned: "How long did you fight?"

"For months, dear, the campaign's assuagement  
Unrealized was, but the haze  
Of war cleared sometimes—no engagement  
With us lasted more than three days!"  
"Oh, pshaw! And you call that a hummer,  
When three-day engagements were freaks?  
Why, I knew one at Long Branch last summer  
That lasted a month or six weeks!"

*A Post-Nuptial Reverie*

The wedding, last night, was a royal affair,  
According to all of the papers,  
The perfume of flowers afloat in the air,  
The mellowing light of the tapers,  
And Nellie leaned proud on the arm, so they say,  
Of papa, clear up to the altar,  
Repeating the vows in a confident way  
With no inclination to falter.

The bridesmaids arrayed in their virginal white  
Were symphony's sweetest creations,  
The music soared up to the regions of light  
As though it were Heaven's oblations  
To Nellie, and yet a grim sense of unrest  
The whole of the evening enthralled me;  
My senses went whirling, my heart was distressed,  
The scene at the altar appalled me.

It seemed that I lived through a troublesome dream,  
E'en Nellie was thrilled with emotion,  
I once caught her eye and its sparkle and gleam  
Seemed soft in its sense of devotion.  
The crowd lingered late, all their homage to pay,  
And yet even longer I tarried.  
I jealously wanted to steal her away,  
Since I was the fellow she married.

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*In the Glow of Her Hair*

The ripples and waves of her beautiful hair  
    Reflect all the glint and the glow of the sun;  
The jewels that gather and fasten it there  
    Seem bathed in the gold which a conqueror won.  
The coralline curves of her lips as they part  
    In a smile, and the dimple that rests in her cheek,  
Seem to wake from a dreamful repose with a start,  
    And all of her graces so ardently speak.  
She's charming, and yet for my heart there's a snare  
That rests in the sheen of her beautiful hair.

Her lashes are wet with the dew of the heart  
    That rain through the soul-windows, deepest of blue,  
As she wantonly tears all those petals apart  
    And is pricked by the thorn that the Love-roses grew!  
The mantle of lace thus enshrouding her breast  
    But heaves with the pain which each mortal must know;  
And the drapings conceal as they peacefully rest  
    On two drifted heaps of the downiest snow;  
Yet, of these sweet charms there is naught can compare  
With the glamour and glow of her beautiful hair.

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*Cupid is King*

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There's pain in her frown, there is joy in her smile,

There's balm for the heart in her musical laugh;

One worships her graces, her every wile,—

She scatters her favors as though they were chaff.

Pride walks by her side, and I jealously pout

That Fortune to me should have been so unkind,

For she's the queen *debutante*, just coming out,

And I'm not a millionaire.—Love may be blind!

And yet it were well for my heart to beware

Of the magical glow of her beautiful hair.

*When Millie Goes Slumming*

When Millie goes slumming, it seems that all care  
Drifts lightly away on a breath of fresh air,  
The dark, squalid streets are as meadowlands fair,  
    Where wild bees are humming;  
Of darkening shadow there's never a trace,  
Each corner that leers as a grewsome old place  
Is lighted and cheered by her sunshiny face,  
    When Millie goes slumming.

The little street Arabs they steal up the stairs  
That lead to the portals of poverty's lairs  
And cry out, as though taken quite unawares:  
    "An angel is coming!"

Their hasty conclusions I take to be true,  
Admitting she's human, between me and you  
She's doing just that which real angels would do—  
    When Millie goes slumming.

*Where Three's a Crowd*

To parks and plays she's gone with me  
For eighteen months or more,  
I've found her best of company  
In trips a-sea, ashore;  
And yet of love she's never framed  
A word for me, I'll own,  
Yet for this lack she can't be blamed,—  
She's Dolly's chaperon.

She never views in listless way  
At flower-shows the prize,  
She quite appreciates a play—  
You see that in her eyes;  
Her sphere of action's limited,  
The escort's not her own,  
But unobtrusive, be it said,  
Is Dolly's chaperon.

She's twenty-five if she's a day,  
And Dolly's but nineteen,  
Her eyes are blue and Dolly's gray—  
Blue eyes are true, I ween;  
Since "three's a crowd," I think, mayhap,  
I'll woo a maid alone,—  
I've half-a-mind to set my cap  
For Dolly's chaperon.

*The Might of a Maid*

Had I been jester to the king  
At some forgotten court,  
The mark of every quip and fling,  
The butt of jest and sport,  
I think such life I'd grown to hate,  
A simple clown to be,  
And would have roundly cursed the fate  
That made a fool of me.

But kings and courts have passed away,  
The jester's tribe has flown,  
I could not if I would to-day  
Take his lot for my own.  
Yet, I am, though with kings we're done,  
In danger still, you see  
We're ruled by Woman, now, and one  
Has made a fool of me!

*The Gossiping Tribe*

Curse the little things unspoken  
That one quite unwilling hears  
Whispered loud, and by that token  
Knows intended for his ears.  
Mrs. Grundys, matrons haughty,  
Long beneath their tongues have rolled  
Dainty morsels—something naughty—  
Hinted at, but never told.

How discreet they seem in giving  
Out the secrets known to them!  
Someone's home life's not worth living,  
Someone saw—ahem! ahem!  
Well it would not be surprising  
If *he'd* find out *she's* so bold!  
Always something compromising  
Hinted at, but never told.

Curse the little things malicious,  
Things they hint but ne'er describe!  
Reputation's vultures vicious  
Are the Mrs. Grundy tribe.  
Peace destroyers, common vandals,  
Wolves within the social fold,  
With their lengthy list of scandals  
Hinted at, but never told.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Gown of Old Brocade*

She wore her grandma's old brocade  
All trimmed with olden lace,  
The same old gown, the same old braid,  
A new and sweeter face;  
The while we whirled in dreamy waltz  
My thoughts in fancy flew,  
I wondered was the world so false  
When that old lace was new.

Did hearts as often sigh and break?  
Did sorrow walk the land?  
Did circumstance make men forsake  
The future they had planned?  
Were ears by subtle flattery fed?  
Were friends, as now, untrue?  
Did maids for love, not wealth, then wed,  
When that old lace was new?

Or did an honest heart and hand  
Above all else suffice  
To merit praise, and virtue stand  
Pre-eminent o'er vice?  
Was fashion's whirl as giddy then?  
Did hopes of fame imbue  
The hearts and brains of worldly men,  
When that old lace was new?

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*Cupid is King*

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The music ebbs and dies away,  
Reflections lose their charm,  
A face looks up in winning way,  
A hand is on my arm.  
Love reigns supreme to-day as then,  
We learn by rote to woo,  
The same old passion lives in men  
As when that lace was new.

*The Little Things of Love*

The little things of love we prize  
Through all the after years,  
And, resurrecting them, our eyes  
Beam through a mist of tears,  
A fragile flower careful pressed,  
A worn and crumpled glove,—  
We somehow always deem the best  
The little things of love.

The richer gifts are thrown aside,  
Like shuttle-cocks they're tossed  
Within the court of years, so wide,  
Until perchance they're lost.  
Fate's battle-dore that wanton drives  
Rare gifts our reach above  
We'll not lament, while still survives  
The little things of love.

Spare us but these, we'll ask no more,  
For time's relentless mold  
May rust, corrode, and tarnish o'er  
The filigrees of gold.  
The trifles all devoid of art,  
A ribbon, note, or glove,  
We'll cloister these within our heart—  
The little things of love.

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*The Minuet*

1780

Tripped they light the minuet,  
Hearts enmeshed in Cupid's net,  
Maiden fair and gallant beau,  
On the New Year long ago.  
Rich brocade and rarest lace  
    Grandma wore when Lafayette  
Danced with her in courtly grace  
    Long ago the minuet.

1850

Grandma's gone, but Juliette  
Joins me in the minuet,  
Same old laces, same old gown,  
Through the years are handed down,  
And to-night my sweetheart wears  
    E'en the glance my heart to fret,  
As did Grandma on New Year's  
    When she danced with Lafayette.

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Gleam and glamour, jewels, gems,  
Fit for queenly diadems.  
Shine and shimmer, glint and glow,  
Fields without are white with snow;  
All within with love is bright,  
    Tossing curls that mock the jet,  
Pleasure sways our hearts to-night,  
    Tripping light the minuet.

1902

Gone the glory and the glare,  
Shattered all the castles fair  
That we builded, hope so high,  
Music ebbing, slow to die.  
Careless dancers, tripping fast,  
    Bess and Rose and Juliette,  
Dreamings were too sweet to last—  
    While we danced the minuet.

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*In Lent*

In Lenten season Mabel wears  
A sombre gown of gray,  
I wonder how such beauty dares  
To hide itself away  
From all the world's frivolity  
And seem to feel content;  
But here's an end to jollity  
While Mabel's keeping Lent.

If Mabel knew when Lent begins  
Comes Cupid with his dart,  
That penance seeking for my sins  
I'd cloister in her heart,  
Perhaps beneath her sober mien,  
Her look of meek content,  
There might the light of love be seen,  
While Mabel's keeping Lent.

*At the Court's Mercy*

This being in love is a troublesome thing,  
Quite so when the young lady's father's averse;  
Opposing his wishes brings Conscience's sting  
And manifold woes that I need not rehearse.  
Now Madeline's father is set against me,  
But law will sustain me in holding the fort;  
Denying my plea for to woo her, you see,  
Is clearly a case of contempt for the court.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Arraigned*

He plead his case with a lawyer's art,  
He chokingly vowed repentance,  
Then rested his cause with a loving heart,  
And gravely awaited sentence.

She pardoned the culprit, a woman's way,  
Nor thought of the sinful lies  
That men speak ever so light, each day,  
At the bar of a woman's eyes.

*A Post-Graduate Course*

When we attended Friendship's school,  
And took the grades in turn,  
It seemed each lesson, task, and rule  
Was quite too hard to learn.

But now one answer:—bliss, we get  
For every sum we try,  
And Love has pruned the alphabet  
To only U and I.

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*Cupid is King*

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*Time's Changes*

AT 20

She's a gay debutante with her suitors a score,  
They go at a frown and they come at a glance,  
And this is the problem she's worrying o'er:  
"Of all that have asked me with whom shall I dance?"

AT 30

The suitors perplexing have vanished and flown,  
A lapse of ten years makes a change, as you see,  
She's wondering now as she sits there alone:  
"A schottische, I wonder who'll dance it with me?"

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Wager of Worth*

We had a dispute o'er a trifling affair,  
Priscilla and I, and I would not concede  
That she might be right, and she gave me the dare  
To back up my views with a bet, 'Twas agreed!  
"Shall we wager bon-bons, lovers usually do?"  
"Too common," she answered, her cheeks red as wine,  
So, studying something in stakes that was new,  
'Twas agreed she should put up her lips against mine.

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*Cupid is King*

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*The Protest*

With Estella I stood in the hall where the light

Fortunately was dim, as I noted with bliss,  
And I made up my mind when I bade her good night

To steal I would dare from her lips a sweet kiss.

"Oh, what would my dear girl's mamma think," I said,

"If she knew a bold man was caressing you here?"

"No, no!" she replied, with a droop of her head,

"She never would *hear* of your kissing me, dear!"

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Slightly Altered*

When Mrs. Parvenu entertained  
The social-culture club at tea  
A constant laugh of mirth unfeigned  
Ran round the circled company.

The richest treat of all, they say,  
Was when, before her guests had gone,  
She bade the orchestra to play  
"That sympathy from Meddlejohn."

*Exemplifying a Proverb*

The young man who suddenly turns against wine,  
And though at the club he is urged "Just a sip,"  
Steadfastly refuses, will think of this line,  
    "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."  
The boys at the club wonder what's taken place  
That such a good fellow should now be a churl—  
The "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" in this case  
Is a near little, dear little, slip of a girl.

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*Cupid is King*

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*The Tables Turned*

When Polly laughs it seems the world  
Takes on a rare and richer hue;  
The ship of care with sails unfurled,  
Clears sullen ports for ocean's blue.

Yet when I mention love to her  
It quite destroys the simile;  
For—well, you see its different, sir,  
When—well, when Polly laughs *at me*.

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*Cupid is King*

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*An Unconscious Pledge*

She was wilful, and very much set in her ways,  
When once a resolve she got into her head,  
To each suitor planned for her objection she'd raise,  
"I'll marry the man whom I please!" so she said.  
And, hearing of this declaration, with main  
And might I went wooing, and won her, you see,  
Because I assured her, and made it quite plain  
That 'twas I held her pledge, since she'd clearly pleased  
me.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Pleasant Surprise*

I never thought Nellie was timid, afraid,  
Or prudish, so narrow with puritan pride,  
I deemed her a twentieth-century maid,  
Yet when I attempted to kiss her she cried.  
As I passed 'neath the gas-jet I turned it off, so  
'Twas dark in the hall when we parted last night,  
That accounts for the kiss, and ecstatic if low  
She cried out an "oh!" in delicious delight!

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*Cupid is King*

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*In Church*

I never mark the pastor's pose,  
His ministerial air;  
I never even note the clothes  
The congregation wear;  
Repeat the text I could not do,  
I'm deaf to every plea  
When Prudence occupies the pew  
Across the aisle from me.

She sits a sweet divinity  
Of goodness and of grace;  
Then, is it strange naught else I see  
Of hope save in her face?  
A hope earth earthy 'tis, 'tis true,  
Yet saving grace I see,  
When Prudence occupies the pew  
Across the aisle from me.

Perhaps the pastor's fervent speech  
To his flock giveth food,  
The theme seems quite beyond my reach,  
Though well with love imbued.  
*That* part I grasp, and take as true,  
For mine's the mood, you see,  
When Prudence occupies the pew  
Across the aisle from me.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Cultivated Taste*

The books that Laura reads are such  
As breathe of grass grown lea and dell,  
Of violets and just a touch  
Of honest love that prospers well;  
A pasture field, a iowing herd,  
Trysts, well to suit romance's needs,  
The twilight dusk, the homing bird,  
In every book that Laura reads.

Such things were never to my taste;  
A book of travel suits me well,  
Or history; it seemed a waste  
Of time to sit 'neath fiction's spell;  
But late Macaulay dull has grown,  
From Gibbon all my love secedes;  
I've come somehow to like the tone  
Of every book that Laura reads.

She reads them first and underscores  
A loving passage here and there;  
They seem to echo love in stores—  
To dream it mine I sometimes dare!  
And though each chapter of the tale  
Opes with an amorous poet's screeds,  
There's something to my heart regale  
In every book that Laura reads.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Love's Laurels*

The king may sing of his signet ring,  
The prince of his trusty blade,  
But Colin's song hath a sweeter swing,  
To the heart of the peasant maid.  
And so I chorus the loving lay  
That never of knighthood knew,  
Let those who may wear the wreaths of bay—  
I'd rather be poor with you.

I'm blest, at best, with no wild unrest,  
I envy no man's estate,  
I'd rather be once by your lips caressed  
Than to linger long and late  
With luring, languorous lips that learn  
No lesson of love that's true;  
Their touch I'd spurn with an unconcern—  
I'd rather be kissed by you.

A crown, renown, and the softest down  
Of couch for a bed of ease,  
Why, I'd never give hem of your gingham gown  
For glory and glow of these.  
Limoges, and Dresden, and rarest Delf  
Shall never my hopes imbue,  
Nor princely pelf, nor the crown itself—  
I'd rather be poor with you.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*A Common Grievance*

Ah, little glove, you're worn upon the fingers,  
A button's missing too, but I confess  
A pleasant memory about you lingers,  
Like sweetness of some yester-year caress.  
She cast you off with petulant emotion,  
Forsooth, because your usefulness was o'er,  
And, somehow, I have formed the silly notion  
That, little glove, we ought expect no more!

Companions deep in misery, let's sorrow,  
I too by newer rival cast aside;  
Her mood may change with coming of the morrow,  
Perhaps she'll freely sacrifice her pride  
And learn, dear little glove, that lesson olden,  
How novelty is foe to sweetest rest,  
That sentiments of faithfulness are golden,—  
Old times, old gloves, old lovers are the best!

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Specious Plea*

In Cupid's court the judges sit  
And wrestle o'er contentions bony,  
They nearly always find, to-wit:  
There's most conflicting testimony.

They sat in judgment yester-eve,—  
Young Love was prisoner, cheeks aglow,—  
The charge was: effort to deceive  
By turning parlor lights down low.

He plead annoyance at the glare  
Of twinkling, spangled chandelier,  
And with the most defiant air  
He faced the court, as though a peer.

The grave old judges did not find!  
The case was nollod, but still the wise  
Are wondering: "If Love is blind  
How can the light affect his eyes?"

*Holding the Skein*

When Madge and I were sweethearts, in the winters long  
ago,  
We used to trace the future in the fire's ruddy glow.  
The pictures are forgotten, but the memories remain  
Of Madge the yarn a-winding, and I—I held the skein.

I watched her nimble fingers with their tips as red as  
wine,  
And if the yarn grew tangled—why, it wasn't fault of  
mine,  
For I was building castles where my little queen should  
reign,  
While Madge the yarn was winding, and I—I held the  
skein.

Demure as any nun was she, this little queen of mine,  
'Twas plain that I should be the oak, and she the clinging  
vine;  
She bent to every whim of mine, and ne'er did she com-  
plain  
In those days when she wound the yarn, and I—I held  
the skein.

But since we now are married, and our children clamber  
round,  
And find the fire pictures that so long ago we found,  
And now that there's a frock to mend and little socks to  
darn,  
She winds me round her finger as she used to do the yarn.





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*Cupid is King*

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*The Brides of June*

The purple pansies nod their heads  
In rapture uncontrolled,  
There gleams from out a hundred beds  
The daisy's heart of gold;  
Sweet William, pinks, and mignonette  
Yield fragrance night and noon,  
Tiptoeing lilies anxious fret  
To glimpse the brides of June.

Then on the bush beside the gate  
A bud from sleep awakes,  
With feverish haste that scarce can wait  
The bloom from bondage breaks;  
The royal rose, heraldic of  
True hearts that beat in tune,  
Outstretches petal arms of love  
To greet the brides of June.

*An Old Daguerreotype*

The rounded case shows age's tinge  
And just a trace of mold;  
The back displays a broken hinge  
That still contrives to hold;  
The pictured face within is faint,  
The dust away you wipe  
And see the limning of a saint—  
An old daguerreotype.

The while she posed, a winsome lass,  
The soul of girlish grace,  
An artist prisoned 'neath this glass  
The beauty of her face;  
The curls that crowned her maiden brow,  
The cheeks as cherries ripe—  
A legacy from Then to Now,  
An old daguerreotype.

'Tis meet that such a face, so pure,  
Should with its smiles live on,  
In hearts of later growth endure,  
Though she herself be gone.  
Her grave with grass is grown about,  
Around it plovers pipe,  
But she still lives and smiles from out  
An old daguerreotype.

*Conspirator—A Cap*

The golfing cap that Dolly wears  
Hath not a trace of trimmings fancy,  
But brave indeed is he who dares  
Investigate its necromancy;  
For all-mysterious charms allure  
And take you captive unawares;  
There's sorcery about, I'm sure,  
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

There's not a flower, ribbon, plume,  
Or aught of milliner's creation;  
No bird to deck it met its doom,  
And stuffed upon it takes its station;  
It's plain as plain can be, and yet  
There hidden lie most subtle snares  
When on a mass of curls is set  
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

Long had I laughed at Cupid's sport,  
And dodged his skilful archery,  
But straightway I was brought to court  
When Dolly set her cap for me;  
And Cupe, the rascal, danced for joy  
To see he'd trapped me unawares,  
Abetted by—pray, bless the boy—  
The golfing cap that Dolly wears.

*At the Parsonage*

Though I've heard people say that the Parson's passe,  
A foggy without any doubt,  
And so much out of touch with the world of to-day  
He has quite lived his usefulness out,  
Just why that should be my concern I can't see,  
His flock's criticisms, forsooth,  
And, frankly, he's *persona grata* to me  
When I wait in the parlor for Ruth.

Ere she trips down the stairs, upon churchly affairs  
Quite frequent the Parson dilates,  
And I always agree with the view that he airs,  
Or the temporal truth that he states;  
Though it may not be plain, yet I always refrain  
From querying after that truth,  
Though I fear by my silence he guesses I'd fain  
Be changing the subject to Ruth.

Though he discourses on Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,  
And points out their beauties to me,  
More anxious am I an awakening dawn  
Of love-light in two eyes to see;  
With wings of a dove far beyond and above  
Earth's earthy his heart soars, forsooth,  
While I am content with the gospel of love—  
The gospel according to Ruth.

*When Dolly Would A-Shopping Go*

No stretch of canvas-sign I need,  
No hand-bill pressed into my hand,  
Nor page advertisement to read,  
That I the all may understand;  
By just the clinging, loving way  
She welcomes me I've come to know  
Tomorrow must be bargain-day,  
And Dolly would a-shopping go.

My quite suspicious nature scents  
By just her coddling mood a sign  
That something sold at fifty cents  
Has been marked down to forty-nine;  
The pats, to soften me devised,  
And loving hugs, by these I know  
A bargain-sale's been advertised,  
And Dolly would a-shopping go.

An easy-chair she'll place for me,  
The evening paper bring, and then  
I wonder if this sorcery  
To me will mean a "five" or "ten";  
"You'll let me off with 'five' you say,  
Dear wife?" (accent on *dear* you know),  
That's luck, when comes a bargain-day,  
And Dolly would a-shopping go.

*The Lover's Cryptogram*

In every note that Nora writes—  
Those little notes, not one effusive,—  
Some sentence stands, and thought invites,  
And yet the what I seek's elusive.  
For, be it thanks for flowers sent,  
Or slight request that she indites,  
I try to fathom love's intent  
Within each note that Nora writes.

A cryptogram of each I make,  
And try to reason out the signs,  
A blot, a word crossed out, a break  
In sentences, between the lines;  
The answered question, yet unasked,  
I seek to find; the troths, the plights,  
And hope to catch her heart unmasked  
In every note that Nora writes.

*Her Lenten Gowns*

How great the sacrifice to place  
Each lovely gown for weeks away,  
The folds on folds of dainty lace,  
And clothe herself in sombre gray.  
Yet, note the charming toned effect  
When garb of gray, red cheeks, are blent,  
No Worth would ever dare dissect  
The gowns that Mabel wears in Lent.

One touch of nature makes us kin,  
And when she tripping goes to prayer  
Men pause in marts of greed and sin,  
Of innocence and beauty dare  
To steal a surreptitious glance,  
Mute blessings 'long her way are sent,  
In reverence fingers touch, perchance,  
The gowns that Mabel wears in Lent.

By sinners all, the gowns are blessed  
As garb that clothes sweet purity;  
I bless them when my arms find rest  
About her waist, for I, you see,  
Am her affianced! No chiffon  
In loving tete-a-tete is rent,  
I muss no filmy lace upon  
The gowns that Mabel wears in Lent.

*In Military Blue*

Since winning hearts has grown an art  
In which all maidens vie,  
And nothing's proof against the dart  
The archer Cupe lets fly;  
Men dodge as best they can, nor dare  
To raise a cry or hue,  
When Dolly's gowned, to take the air,  
In military blue.

Now, if the gown were black or brown  
Brave men might dare their fate,  
Behind some shield to kneel them down,  
Or dart-proof armor-plate;  
But sortie, skirmish as you may  
The chances are but few,  
When Dolly's gowned, and trips your way,  
In military blue.

No "Halt!" you hear, and yet a fear  
Of being challenged comes,  
Your beating heart seems to your ear  
The rat-tat-tat of drums;  
Then you surrender, since, you see  
There's nothing else to do,  
When Dolly's gowned,—Cupe's aide is she—  
In military blue.

*A Flower Garden*

Myrtilla's flower garden's quite  
A heart-enchancing plot,  
A bended knee it claims by right  
Of worship on the spot;  
Since roses nod at every breeze,  
And blue-bells lift their head  
Along with daisies, pinks, heart's ease,  
And sweet-peas, white and red.

It needs no floriculturists' care,  
It hath no need of rake  
Or spade or hoe, there is, I swear,  
No earthy clods to break;  
The garden's fenced with white chiffon,  
You marvel much thereat?—  
Why, all these blossoms bloom upon  
Myrtilla's summer hat.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Betrayed By Shadows*

The rippling mandolins have ceased their throbbing,

The waltz has ebbed its soul away, and died,

The soft guitars have stilled their notes in sobbing,

The music's ceased, like slow retreating tide.

Behind a screen in yonder farthest corner

Two dancers stand apart, the place forget.

There's danger! Oh, that I might warn her

That screens sometimes reflect a silhouette.

It seems a shame to watch them, e'er so slyly,—

Of course one cannot hear a word that's said,—

In pantomime one sees her shrinking shyly,

Then on his shadow-shoulder rests a head.

There's others looking now! It's simply horrid!

The watchers mark the moment of eclipse,—

The profile of a moustache near her forehead,

Then lower,—*lower*,—ah, he's dared her lips!

*A Doubt Dispelled*

She was a woman!  
And yet he wondered if her haughty pride  
Would vanish should he steal unto her side  
And, shunning all disguise, should grow so bold  
As to repeat a story eons old;  
If he should dare her ruby lips to press  
Would they rebuke him with their frigidness?  
So different she from others he had met,  
And so he hesitated, doubt beset.

Tiptoeing to her side he plead his case,  
But feared to raise his eyes unto her face  
To read the answer, which the sages say  
Shines forth in woman's eyes, of blue or gray.  
He meekly bowed his head in suppliant mien,  
As though he were a page, and she his queen.  
Then, oh, what joy, what wild transport of bliss,  
He raised his head, two lips were pursed to kiss!—  
She was a woman!

*A Welcome Shade*

In August days I rarely roam  
By inland lake or ocean bay,  
A not unwilling stay-at-home  
I labor at my desk each day;  
And though I seek no sylvan glade,  
A sweeter boon is mine than all,  
For, ah, I find a welcome shade  
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

When Dolly deigns to take a walk  
I'm near to join her, so, you see,  
We oft enjoy a pleasant talk  
Beneath the lace-fringed canopy;  
And though the sun with torrid spite  
Beams down on this terrestrial ball,  
We're screened against his vengeance quite  
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

The out-of-towners and their ilk  
We envy not, 'tis pleasant here  
When just a circling span of silk  
Doth bring two heads so very near;  
And when love's vows we whisper low,  
We're interrupted not at all,  
A fact we found out long ago  
'Neath Dolly's silken parasol.

*A Plea to Reformers*

That wine is a mocker full oft I've been told,  
And warned 'gainst the glint, like a sorcerer's glance,  
The sparkle and glow of the chrome and the gold  
The sunshine bestowed on the vineyards of France,  
But tempted I'm not by a blue-ribbon brand  
With which Bacchus sways and dull care from us woos,  
There's but one temptation I cannot withstand,—  
The nectared potation that Dorothy brews.

When I see her the chafing-dish set to one side,  
The rare-bit quite "done to a turn," as they say,  
And bring forth the tea-pot, 'tis then I decide  
'Twill simply be useless for me to say nay;  
For something like magic that works upon me  
She'll out of that Hyson or Oolong infuse,  
And it's safe to assert soon a-sipping I'll be  
The nectared potation that Dorothy brews.

Oh, why should they warn us 'gainst vintage that comes  
From the Mediterranean's grape-growing shores?  
We fear more that draught that our speech quite benumbs,  
And quickens our hearts, from the China tea stores.  
Then hearken reformers, give ear to my plea,  
Make war 'gainst the cup that I cannot refuse,  
Champagne's wholly safe, but I pray you save me  
From the nectared potation that Dorothy brews.

*Jack's Second Trial*

The second time that Jack proposed,  
'Twas really a surprise,  
Though I still—gossips so supposed—  
Found favor in his eyes.  
His first avowal, months before,  
I'd treated with disdain,  
And laughed at him the while he swore  
He'd try again, again!

The second time that Jack proposed  
I never said a word,  
Though to assent I'd grown disposed—  
I simply overheard  
By accident his earnest plea  
While in the waltz' whirl—  
The second time 'twas not to me,  
But to another girl!

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*Cupid is King*

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*The Morning Service*

Her fingers touch the organ keys,  
Awakening sweet harmonies  
That, borne upon the summer breeze,  
    Float out so airy  
Through chancel-window, down the aisle,  
Their pleading notes dull cares beguile,  
For Mabel's touch hath much of wile  
    In Voluntary.

To those by worldly problems vexed,  
By doubts and troubles sore perplexed,  
She seems the sermon, creed, and text  
    Of all that's merry,  
A something from the world apart,  
That drowns the dreams of busy mart,  
That speaks a peace to every heart  
    Involuntary.

*A Logical Reason*

Ten years ago sweet Kate and I  
Were wont to walk, neath skies of blue,  
She'd counted sixteen years slip by  
While I had counted twenty-two.

To-day we met, and half in jest  
I asked her age, she smiled serene,  
And with the sweetest blush confessed  
Herself to be just sweet sixteen.

"Why then am I aged thirty-two  
If you still 'sweet sixteen' are classed?"  
She answered quickly: "That is due  
To this, you young men live so fast!"

*A Plea for a Picture*

A kodak she's carried to mountain and shore,  
She's snapped it in country and town,  
And she's certainly bought out a chemical store  
In making her blue prints and brown;  
She spends in the dark-room one half of her time,  
Developing-tray bends above,  
She's so wrapped-up she wont listen reason or rhyme,  
And turns a deaf ear to my love.

A Senator here and a Congressman there,  
She's snapped, yes, and two or three Counts.  
Why of cardboard she's used, if a guess I may dare,  
At least a car-load in her mounts;  
And nothing she talks of save lighting or shades,  
When one word of love, please the fates,  
I'm waiting to hear. How the romance all fades  
As she chatters of films and plates !

She has taken pug-dogs, ugly creatures at best,  
And pussy-cats, curse the felines;  
And newsboys and bootblacks, cowboys from the West,  
Grimed toilers of mills and of mines.  
She has taken all types of humanity, yea,  
All objects of earth, air and sea,  
It seems, and I'm living in hopes that some day  
She may be induced to take me.

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*Cupid is King*

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*Promised Immunity*

I find a dainty, scented note from Grace  
Within my morning's mail, it runs like this:  
"Stolen, last night, from its abiding place  
Upon two lips, a rather hurried kiss.  
To owner known is he who dared to steal,  
Yea, long in her affections he has basked,  
So, if no later than this evening, he'll  
Return the same there'll be no questions asked."

*Taken at Her Word*

The news was hailed with much of doubt  
When friends of our engagement heard,  
And yet, in truth, it came about  
Because I took her at her word.  
I thus explained in such a way  
As puzzled them, I must confess,—  
I might have been induced to say  
The word I took her at was “yes.”

*A Maid to Please a Man*

I duly appreciate maidenly toil,  
    Embroidery, tatting, and simple crochet,  
A painting on china, a study in oil,  
    Some girls so employ themselves day after day.  
But they're hard to make love to when thus they're em-  
    ployed,  
And so, for my own fiancée, I insist  
On a girl that's less busy. I'd be overjoyed  
    With one who had nothing to do but be kissed.

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*Cupid is King*

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*Three Letters*

She wrote three little letters,  
All in answer to the note  
He'd sent proposing marriage,  
Vowing long on her he'd dote.  
She wrote the three, his rapture  
I'll leave you all to guess—  
For one was Y, the next was E,  
The final one was S.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*A Holiday Fancy*

I called last night, and Laura sang  
A song I hailed with glee,  
With tenderness her sweet voice rang:  
"Then you'll remember me."

But it's so near to Christmas day,  
A hint it seemed to be,  
And this what Laura meant to say:  
Then *Yule* remember me!

*Jacqueminots*

The roses on her breast are Jacks,  
The heart that beats beneath is mine.  
My faith in her doth not relax  
Because the roses all are Jacks,  
Forsooth, in getting at the facts  
You'll find a quip of her design—  
She wears of roses none but Jacks,  
But heart and roses both are mine

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*Sacrificed*

My life seems a blank for the space of a week,  
A blank for a month more 'twill be,  
The whole round of clubs for enjoyment I seek,  
Yet I'm bored and worn-out with ennui.  
Estella must needs sacrifice something dear,  
And I doubt not her course is well meant,  
But the few weeks ahead look decidedly drear,  
Since she's given up *me* during Lent.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*Still Guessing*

That Laura's a puzzle I'm free to admit,  
    She's rollicking rather than rude,  
But I've been so often the butt of her wit  
    I'm hopeless to fathom a mood  
That is hers, she has smiled and then frowned upon me,  
    Lees, nectar, her whim's bade me sup,  
Yet, though clearly a puzzle is Laura, you see,  
    I'm determined I shan't give her up.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*Appropriate*

Priscilla is my Klondike girl,  
At least I call her so,  
There's gold in every straggling curl,  
Alluring in its glow.  
The appellation's naught to do,  
Howe'er, with aught of gold,  
'Tis based on this: Whene'er I woo  
She's distant and so cold !

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*Cupid is King*

---

*An After Thought*

"She's a dream, she's a dream," those who know  
her proclaim,

As her virtues and charms they rehearse,  
And yet, I'm inclined to believe, just the same,  
She's wilfully set and perverse.

For it's easy to see, though a dream she may be,

The statement a subterfuge carries,

And often the maxim occurreth to me,

That "dreams always go by contraries".

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Too Busy*

When Cupid came that weary day  
And begged that I with him go wooing,  
I paused just long enough to say:  
    “Fie, Love’s a busy man’s undoing !”

I dreamed that night a dream of you,  
And at my door young Love came tapping,  
Though captured neat I spoke him true:  
    “By Jove, but, Cupe, you caught me napping !”

*On Evelyn's Hat*

Since I am a man I can't describe  
The little details of fluff,  
The plumes and wings of the feathered tribe,  
The ruchings of filmy stuff,  
The bows and tucks of ribbon and lace,  
The crown, whether peaked or flat,  
The everything that has found a place  
On Evelyn's new spring hat.

I merely infer there are marigolds,  
And daisies, and pinks, and such,  
Chiffon so dainty the folds on folds  
Might crumble beneath one's touch;  
Perhaps an ocean of tulle whose waves  
On the beach of the brim that's flat  
Creeps up, and the stem of each violet laves  
On Evelyn's new spring hat.

I only know what the women say:  
"So natural do they seem,  
Those flowers, one almost on each nosegay  
Of morning-dew notes the gleam."  
This part of their praise I can swear is true,  
Though I've sworn quite enough thereat,  
A "ten" it will cost me for all that's due  
On Evelyn's new spring hat.

*A New Republic*

A new federation has lately been formed,  
It boasts of a government free,  
Two hearts by the tenderest passions were warmed,  
Which brought forth a union, you see,  
“For weal or for woe, through the storm and the strife”,  
Was e’er nation’s motto like this?  
The compact each signed for the length of a life  
And affixed the great seal—’twas a kiss!

The government framed to each purpose, intent,  
Acknowledges plainly that it  
Derives its just powers from willing consent  
Of the governed, and errs not a whit,  
Since clearly in weakness its greatest strength lies,  
A soft word’s diplomacy rare,  
Doth dry up the tears in a pair of blue eyes,  
And conquer rebellion that’s there.

The new federation is quite a success  
The government gives us report,  
Though much now depends, I am free to confess,  
In its keeping aloof from a court  
Where right of secession the judge styles divorce,  
For such things have nothing to do  
With clinging, and billing and cooing, of course,  
Where love rules his nation of two!

*A Winter's Thaw*

When winds that erstwhile blew so raw  
Are tempered by a sunshine bright,  
And drifted snow begins to thaw,  
We much bewail the slushy plight;  
We curse the fate that prompted us  
To leave the rubbers off our feet,  
And rail at such a sloppy muss,  
Till Mabel trips across the street.

Our petulance at winter's mood,  
Our sullenness, so ill-concealed,  
Our vows that we'd have, if we could,  
Old nature's ordinance repealed,  
Take sudden flight when ice and snow  
Slips slushy 'neath her twinkling feet,  
And lifted skirts but hint at show  
As Mabel trips across the street.

And what though it's inclined to last  
But just the briefest moment's span?  
Our petulant perverseness past,  
A sweet enchantment bids us scan  
The glimpse of 'broidery that shows,  
And, now and then, an ankle neat,  
A fleeting dream of silken hose,—  
When Mabel trips across the street.

*When Grandma Danced*

(1824)

The trumpets blared and rolled the drum,  
The nation's honored guest had come,  
Bells clanged whose tongues had long been dumb,  
    Gay horses pranced,  
No red coat tory held dissent,  
The land approved to all intent,  
For James Monroe was President—  
    And Grandma danced.

The old colonial hall was bright,  
The candles twinkled left and right,  
And rich brocades bewitched the sight  
    Of those who glanced  
Where gay cotillion figures formed,  
Where love grown chill with war was warmed,  
And hearts instead of forts were stormed—  
    When Grandma danced.

With all the homage grace could lend,  
Where bravery, beauty, culture blend,  
They welcomed him, our loyal friend,  
    For peace enhanced  
The honors won on battle-plain;  
They toasted freedom's happy reign,  
When Lafayette came back again  
    And Grandma danced.





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*Cupid is King*

---

Brave minute men were seen to flush  
More than if in the onward rush  
Of battle, while with boyish blush  
                    Each stood entranced:  
Staid veterans from the Brandywine  
Passed compliments adown the line,  
And "Love" was all the countersign—  
                    When Grandma danced.

*The Limited Language of Love*

Some sweet way of loving you  
Better than I love you now  
Is the boon for which I sue,  
If you know, dear, tell me how.  
May I woo you not by rhyme  
All the blissful day and long,  
Like a lark to glory climb  
On the ladder of a song?

All of love's sweet story old,  
Every phrase to passion wed,  
Lips long sealed by Death have told,  
All hath many times been said.  
So to you I fain would speak  
Something couched in language new,  
Morning, noon and night I seek  
Some sweet way of loving you.

Men progress they say, and yet  
Love's vocabulary stands  
Circumscribed, and still, and set,  
As if bound with iron bands.  
Yet 'tis said that wond'rous kind  
Fate is to the ones who woo,  
If I seek I yet may find  
Some sweet way of loving you.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*Temptress and Accuser*

"I heard that last night you kissed Charley McGee!

Perhaps, Madge, you'll wish to deny it!"—

I stood where the droop of her head I could see,

If guilty I'd surely descry it.

With blush of confusion she sought to explain

How, pursing her lips in this fashion,

She looked up at Charley, and, grievous with pain,

She told how he kissed her with passion.

"I knew you'd be vexed, dear," she tearfully said,

"I could tell when you came that you knew it.

But, somehow—," and here she in shame hung her head,

"—I never thought Charley would do it!"

Forgiveness I granted, and deep in the gray

Of twilight I lingered to parley,

Forgetful she pursed up her lips the same way

And—I guess I'm as guilty as Charley!

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Where Feathers Flaunt*

Her natty sailor, trimmed in blue,  
Has lived its day, methinks,  
She's put aside the golf-cap too,  
She wore upon the links;  
There's naught but memories, gauzy things,  
And summer dreams grown flat,  
For winds are chill that stir the wings  
On Mabel's winter hat.

The hat she wore to parks and plays,  
A flower garden, where  
Meek violets could scarcely raise  
Their heads to catch fresh air,  
And roses clustered round the rim,  
Is food for gnawing rat,  
For feathers flaunt forth fashion's whim  
On Mabel's winter hat.

Warm weather hats, warm weather friends,  
Although it seemeth strange,  
Are much alike, at seasons' ends  
Susceptible to change;—  
We never change, we're wed, you see,  
And, though I swear thereat,  
I have to come down handsomely  
On Mabel's winter hat.

*A String of Olden Pearls*

Over the carved-oak balustrade  
    Bends a face with a 'witching smile,  
Lampights flutter and drooping fade,  
    Much as candles in olden style.  
Here her grandma dismissed her beau,  
    Just at the foot of the winding stair,  
Back in the days of the long ago  
    Cloistering memories saintly fair.

Grandma reigned as a belle supreme,  
    Many her conquests far and near,  
Red-coat officers used to dream,  
    Even forgetting to answer: "Here!"  
One of King George's men, they say,  
    Carried a curl from the tresses fair  
That grandma gave, in a girlish way,  
    Here at the foot of the winding stair.

Marjorie reigns as a belle supreme,  
    Envied she by the other girls;  
Hearts still echo the same old dream,  
    Caught in the string of her grandma's pearls.  
Pearls that encircle a neck of snow,  
    Pearls that still as of old ensnare,  
Marjorie's grandma found it so  
    Here at the foot of the winding stair.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

Over the carved-oak balustrade  
Marjorie leans with a 'witching smile,  
Lights may glimmer or candles fade,  
Kissing never grows out of style.  
All of the olden love-light glows,  
Echoing sagely: "Beware! Beware!  
Thorns are hidden in every rose,  
Grandma's pearls are a subtle snare!"

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*The Favored Number*

The orchestra hidden by fringes  
Of palms played the airs that entrance,  
And an unalloyed rapture that hinges  
On ecstasy hallowed the dance;  
We had waltzed till our heads had grown dizzy,  
We were weary and ready to fall,  
When I made the suggestion to Lizzie  
That we "sit out" the dance in the hall.

We could hear the pit-pat of the dancers,  
And dwell on Terpsichore's arts;  
We could hear the sweet strains of the lancers,  
And the soft rhythmic beats of our hearts;  
We could nestle in closest communion  
Of undying love through it all,  
While our lips pledged an ultimate union  
At the dance we "sat out" in the hall.

What though I in her eyes caught the glisten  
Of love-light that kindled for me?  
There was never eavesdropper to listen,  
And never spectator to see!  
What if others went early to slumber  
Next morn? I'd too much to recall!  
For the program held never a number  
Like the dance we "sat out" in the hall.

*A Neighboring Garden*

It seems the very air is sweet  
With fragrance that would thrill the bees  
Until they'd dream, in rapture meet,  
The dreams of lost Hesperides.  
The flowers bless the cooling spray  
And all their petals then unclose  
To catch the shower's ricochet,  
When Molly wields the garden hose.

The twilight deepens, settles down,  
The stillness of a summer's eve  
Has claimed the busy, bustling town  
That soon to blissful dreams' twill leave;  
But o'er the grassy, glistening lawn  
Each drop of water, jeweled, glows,  
And all the thirst of day is gone  
When Molly wields the garden hose.

Her curls they rippling fall in waves  
Beneath her bonnet's close confines,  
The grass her gown's rich hemming laves  
With only rapturous designs;  
Each passer-by but seems to see  
In this rare sight a balm for woes;  
The world is brighter, all agree,  
When Molly wields the garden hose.

*A Coming-Out Party*

Society is all astir, and rightly so, no doubt,  
Since two sweet buds of womanhood next week are  
“coming-out.”

The Misses Schuyler and Van Brunt make their début  
at Brown’s,

With timid flutt’ring hearts, no doubt, and lovely Paris  
gowns.

The invitations have been mailed—one found its way to  
me—

“To be presented. . .” Well, by Jove ! how very strange  
t’will be !

My tongue will frame the names they knew in girlhood’s  
sweet estate,

For Margaret was Maggie then and Katherine was Kate !

No doubt Miss Katherine Van Brunt possesses beauty  
rare;

The social set will praise her gown—I’ll only see her  
hair.

And Margaret Schuyler will, I hear, society surprise  
With wealth of gems magnificent—I’ll only see her eyes.

My playmates both in years ago, to Maggie’s eyes I’d  
look

For schoolgirl sympathy; Kate’s curls, as black as any  
rook,

I used to star with daisies in the long ago. Ah, Fate !

But Margaret was Maggie then and Katherine was Kate.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

Their gowns will be, I'm sure, the kind society adores—  
To me there'll come the memory of gingham pinafores !  
And when the social set shall rave o'er coiffures, waves  
and curls,  
I'll think of hair in long-hung braids they used to wear  
as girls.  
Sweet débutantes, they'll fill your ears with flattery, I  
know,  
And you'll grow changed, as have your names, since that  
sweet long ago  
I've cloistered in my memory and told its beads to Fate,  
For Margaret was Maggie then and Katherine was Kate.

*A Case at Court*

“ ‘Dan Cupid, Attorney at Law’, is he in?  
A chair? Yes, I’ll wait here a minute!  
I’ve a suit quite annoying I’m anxious to win,  
As my counsel I wish you’d begin it!  
The case has to do with a maiden so true  
That a legal proceeding’s a bother,  
And yet there is nothing remains but to sue  
The maiden’s most obstinate father.

“The maiden some way stole my heart and I sued  
At once for her hand, and reviewing  
The case from inception with ardor imbued  
I won a sweet ‘Yes’ by the suing.  
Her father, in wrath, upon learning of this,  
Gave notice of surely appearing  
The next night I called, with a move to dismiss,  
And since that there’s been no rehearing.

“So, Cupid just fix up a legal retort,  
A something to frustrate the father!  
Perhaps ’twould be well in contempt of the Court  
To hold him and end all this bother.  
Do this and the rector at once we will seek,  
With license and all due provision,  
For some slight retainer the words he will speak  
Sustaining the former decision!”

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*Out of Town*

(Song of the Stay-At-Home.)

Hail, all hail, the summer season!  
Hail, the blossom and the bee!—  
Quite without a hint of reason  
Emanates a hail from me;  
Here and there I roam demented,  
Like a king without a crown,  
Tell me who could be contented  
When Estella's out of town?

At each kissing-corner only  
Memory's lips are pressed to mine,  
Swings the empty hammock lonely  
'Neath the shadowed porch's line;  
Every flower in the garden,  
As you walk the pathway down,  
Meets your anxious look with: "Pardon,  
But—Estella's out of town!"

"Out of town!" I hear repeated  
Every hour in the day,  
By each vagrant breeze I'm greeted;  
"Out of town, away,—away!"  
But the postmen, Cupe's abettors,  
Drive away my every frown,  
Since they daily hand me letters,  
Now Estella's out of town.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

*My Lady's Valentine*

The over-burdened postman on his early morning rounds,  
The uniformed abettor of Dan Cupid with his wounds,  
This morning brought a package which my lady fair untied,  
And marveled at the beauty of the silken gift inside.  
It bore a tender message of a love, devoted, true.  
It had a dainty tassel, and a fringe as dainty, too,  
And yet my lady would not trade for all this tinsel show  
The valentine a boyish lover sent her years ago.

My lady's blessed with riches, with position, and with fame,  
The world of art and letters is familiar with her name,  
Her votaries are legion, and they all contrive to pay  
Their debts of deep devotion on Dan Cupid's holiday.  
And yet when all are counted, little offerings of the heart,  
My lady fair grows pensive and she steals awhile apart  
To kiss again the message from a heart that loved her so—  
The valentine her boyish lover sent her years ago.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

She lives with those who flatter and cajole her with their  
praise,

She's left the truth of childhood and its blossom-sprinkled  
ways,

She knows these silken trifles all are sophistries, in truth,  
The rhymes though better polished lack the honesty of  
youth.

And so my lady turns from all the richer gifts to-day  
To lift an humbler to her lips, and meed of kisses pay;  
'Tis safe enshrined within her heart, and none may ever  
know

The valentine a boyish lover sent her years ago.

*Under the Mistletoed Chandelier*

First it was Evelyn's grandma sweet,  
Puritan grace and beauty blent,  
Caught by the olden custom neat  
Firmly established the precedent.  
Ah, 'twas a Christmas long ago,  
Someone that loved her and held her dear  
Kissed the cheeks that were all aglow  
Under the mistletoed chandelier.

Years went by and a fair young girl,  
Grandma's daughter, the next in line,  
Pansy eyes and the straggling curl,  
Either by accident or design  
Came and stood on a Christmas day  
Deep in the darkened parlor here.  
Somebody won her the self-same way  
Under the mistletoed chandelier.

Pretty Evelyn, third in line,  
Winsome, 'witching as those of old,  
Queer little, dear little, sweetheart mine,  
She with the tresses of thin-spun gold,  
Deep in the Christmas twilight's dun  
Gave me a kiss, and the case is clear;  
Three generations of girls were won  
Under that mistletoed chandelier.

*By Grace of Mabel's Muff*

When Mabel's wrapped in warmest furs,  
And gowned to grace the street,  
To me so oft the thought occurs  
No maid was e'er more sweet;  
O'er shoulders thrown a cape of seal,  
Her hat a feathery fluff,  
But richer still the joy I feel  
When Mabel holds her muff.

Perchance a drive we take, and then  
There's pleasures sweet athrong,  
Though much alloyed the bliss is when  
A chaperon's along;  
Still, even then, with her beside,  
My treatment's far from rough,  
A hand may clasp a hand inside  
The bounds of Mabel's muff.

Like lovers who, at party, dance,  
Find some convenient screen  
To steal behind, where fervent glance,  
Swift blush may be unseen,  
We too hide from the chaperon  
Love-signals quite enough,  
When hands make heart-throbs all their own,  
And clasp in Mabel's muff.

*Within My Lady's Purse*

Some ribbon samples, blue or pink,  
A glove-hook and a few small keys,  
A knowledge that the latter 'll clink  
When jostled, quite accounts for these!  
A letter from some love-lorn scamp,—  
I'll bet he's not the one she marries,—  
A lock of hair, a postage stamp,  
Within the purse my lady carries.

A plain band ring, worn quite in two,  
Once on her hand 'twas quite a fixture,  
It broke,—some said, who claimed they knew,  
Her heart broke too,—a baby's picture,  
Some little nephew, niece, perchance,  
A shattered bunch of buds and berries  
From some spring hat of wide expanse,  
Within the purse my lady carries.

'Tis most a garret of a place  
So far as finding worn-out notions  
And bric-a-brac's concerned, by grace  
Of woman's whims, caprice, emotions;  
Jammed in compartments that adjoin  
Are things round which some mem'ry tarries,  
In fact there's everything but coin  
Within the purse my lady carries.

*Tying Her Shoe*

What the pride and what the glory,  
What the pomp and lordly airs;  
What the song and what the story,  
With my humble task compares?  
Knowing well that I adore her,  
Quick to any service do,  
On my knees I bow before her  
When I tie Priscilla's shoe.

Fumbling with the dainty laces,  
Conscious of my awkward pose,  
Well advanced her toe she places  
Till a little glimpse of hose  
Shows beneath her gown's rich hemming,  
Then I knot the strings anew,  
While such fashions I'm condemning—  
When I tie Priscilla's shoe.

Awkwardly I seek to fashion  
Bow that somehow never comes,  
While she views with mild compassion  
All my fingers turned to thumbs;  
Yet I feel an exultation  
When my pleasant task is through,  
And I bless the situation  
When I tie Priscilla's shoe.

*The Bows Upon Her Slippers*

On these summer evenings sultry, when the atmosphere  
is torrid,

We throw off fashion's raiment in an effort to be cool,  
And every maiden wonders if she really would look horrid  
Should she assume some airy gown of dimity or tulle.  
Now, as for me, I never note a garment's style or texture,  
To just one sweet attraction all my admiration flows,  
I always note it gladly, (this perhaps deserves a lecture),—  
Priscilla ties her slippers with the daintiest of bows.

When I call upon her evenings she wears a gown that's  
pretty,

I simply note the taste with which she's chosen her  
bouquet,  
And while she's entertaining me with conversation witty  
Most surreptitiously my eyes averted seem to stray  
To just a hint of lace below a skirt that's all a-crinkle,  
And misty as a last-night's dream a little glimpse of hose,  
Then, looking up at some remark, I see her eyes a-twinkle—  
Priscilla's tied her slippers with the daintiest of bows.

---

*Cupid is King*

---

The world may call me caddish, since I've mentioned it  
so boldly,

Perhaps the accusation I'm deserving, on the whole,  
And yet I've been confessing, (and the girls may treat me  
coldly),

For they say contrite confession is a solace to the soul.  
With fluffy laces peeping what is conscience's insistence?

What are they, pray, but poems in a world of dreary  
prose?

And, being poems, why not scan them then without re-  
sistance?—

Priscilla ties her slippers with the daintiest of bows!

*The Lonely Length of Lent*

The play's tabooed, the giddy round  
Of social pleasures all,  
In sombre gray Estella's gowned,  
O'er gayety a pall  
Of quietude hangs like a mist,  
E'en I must rest content  
To lounge at club and lone exist  
Through forty days of Lent.

All invitations I decline,  
To whist, to masquerade,  
Until Estella, sweetheart mine,  
Devotion's debt has paid;  
And so, a pent-up Pharisee,  
I brave with best intent  
The loneliness that comes to me  
Through forty days of Lent.

And yet, each Sunday wells a tide  
Of joy, so why a care?  
She trusts to me when by her side  
Her dainty book of prayer!  
And downcast eyes, demure 'tis true,  
To questioning glance assent,  
Thus blue eyes true the wooing do  
Through forty days of Lent.

*An Early Spring*

The fluffy plumes that erstwhile sat  
    'Mong ribbons, velvet bows,  
On Dolly's 'witching winter hat,  
    Once poems now are prose;  
The season's changed and fashion flings  
    Her firm decrees with wile,  
And hats must needs assume sweet spring's  
    Beflowered, filmy style.

The milliner has robbed of June  
    Tea-roses half a score,  
And filched from May her sweetest boon,  
    Meek violets, a store;  
Though ne'er a lily there I see  
    'Twould not be out of place  
Arranged among the magicry  
    Of fold on fold of lace.

The plumes and felts have had their day,  
    The jaunty, tilted brim,  
They're now with moth-balls stowed away,  
    Because of fashion's whim;  
The season's changed, though birds, I'll bet,  
    For weeks won't Northward wing,—  
Forsooth, sweet Dolly's hat's as yet  
    The only sign of spring.

*Priscilla's Garden*

Priscilla armed with garden-rake  
Has pulverized each clod,  
And rooty tendrils dared to break  
Within each matted sod;  
She's blistered both her pretty hands,  
And tanned her cheeks, you see,  
But, as the situation stands,  
'Tis quite a help to me.

Priscilla's planted rows on rows  
Of asters, whites and reds,  
While saucy pansies, black as crows,  
She's tucked in loamy beds;  
Sweet Williams, pinks and mignonette,  
Forsooth, they well are placed,  
To form a crescent, star, rosette,  
With all a florist's taste.

Alas, her work has but commenced,  
There's scratching hens to shoo,  
For weary weeks,— the plot's not fenced—  
Priscilla's feeling blue!  
But, ah, what joy is mine, since she  
To grow sweet blossoms wills,  
The days ahead are bright for me—  
There's no more florist bills!

*The Same Old Story*

She pitied him !  
The night before with club friends he had stayed,  
To plan some great political parade,  
Till twelve o'clock or more, and, strange to say,  
This morn each bone within him had a way  
Of aching when he moved. As for his head,  
It throbbed until he wished that he were dead.  
To her, his loving wife, who grief expressed  
The suffering husband guiltily confessed  
The "boys" had oped some wine they had in store  
And he had drank one little glass, no more.  
With cooling cloths she soothed his aching head,  
A ministering angel, stood beside his bed  
With all a wife's devotion, whispered: "Dear,  
I love you, love you," oft into his ear.  
And while on those who tempted him she swore  
A woman's maledictions o'er and o'er,  
She pitied him !

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*Cupid is King*

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*In Bankruptcy*

In every letter Della wrote,  
While on her summer's short vacation,  
Were loving lines I'll never quote  
Since all for me the sweet potation  
Of syntax steeped in nectared bliss,  
But in the weeks that we were sundered  
If Della sent me one big kiss  
I'll wager that she sent a hundred.

She's now at home, and says that she  
Was so profuse in sending kisses  
While out of town, in bankruptcy  
She'll have to go. But, oh, what bliss is  
Mine own to quaff, for there's a way  
She's sure will win, and I believe her,—  
There's assets every debt to pay  
And she's to name me as receiver.

*So Wags the World*

Linnie was fair as the skies of May,  
Sweet little love of the days departed.  
Well I remember the fateful day  
Linnie left me, and broken-hearted;  
How I battled with love's remorse  
Every stroke to stay and parry,  
Turning for comfort each day, perforce,  
To a girl I never intended to marry!

Then when that romance had died away  
Daisy led me to love's confession;  
Youth for folly must have its day,  
Love that's young never shows discretion  
That dream over and Mabel came  
Into my heart like a 'witching fairy,  
Mittened me then, which I told in shame  
To a girl I never intended to marry.

Many the romance my boyhood knew,  
Many the plans, and my loves unnumbered!  
One girl's love was so staunch and true  
Through my follies it waned nor slumbered.  
One I've sworn to protect through life,  
All Care's burdens jointly to carry:  
Allow me to introduce my wife,—  
The girl I never intended to marry.

*The Proper Test*

"I hear you've been flirting, dear, you whom I trusted!  
I'm shocked to think you would my trust put in pawn."  
"I never," she answered. The mesh I adjusted  
By saying: "You can't deny leading him on!"

Her eyes she averted, and, newly beginning,  
I started to chide her, then guiltily hedged.  
"You see, it's no worry to me, but you're sinning  
'Gainst Jack, the poor fellow, he knows not you're  
pledged!"

"I'm looking at Jack, Madge, *my* feelings I smother,  
Wound me as you will, but another don't wreck!"  
"But, Tom, oh—I didn't—" Then, some way or other,  
A pair of soft arms were encircling my neck.

A sob,—“Oh, my darling!” she said. Then averted  
Her eyes, as, confessing, she sobbed out “Dear me!  
The trouble it's caused, and— and I only flirted  
With Jack just to see if— if he'd flirt with me!”

*In the Kitchen*

Daisy's dressed so very simple  
In a garb that's trim and cool,  
And each dimple seems the wimple  
Of a rain-drop in the pool;  
While her bared arms show the trimmer  
Her bewitching elbows' curves  
As she stirs the fruit a-simmer  
When she's putting up preserves.

As to oak-tree clings the lichen  
Cling my eyes unto the spot,  
When sweet Daisy queens the kitchen  
And the kettle's steaming hot;  
Spicy odors sweetly steal on  
Sensitive olfactory nerves  
Like a sea-ward breeze from Ceylon,  
When she's putting up preserves.

Sweet as any songster's chirrup,  
Sweet as flowers brown bees loot,  
Yea, she's sweet as e'en the sirup  
She is pouring o'er the fruit;  
And a veering heart she's captured  
From past love's erratic swerves,  
Since she lets me look enraptured  
When she's putting up preserves.





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*Cupid is King*

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*Love's Barometer*

When days are dark, and damp, and drear,  
    I need not note barometer  
To see just when the clouds will clear,  
    I only need to look at her  
So moody grown, the storm I've feared  
    I well can tell hath run its race,  
I know each cloud has disappeared—  
    I see the sunshine in her face.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Mistake*

“Old friends are best!” ’Tis quite untrue!  
Girl friends so dear we have in plenty,  
And of them all I think, don’t you,  
The best are aged nineteen or twenty?

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*Cupid is King*

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*An Explanation*

When Polly's "up in arms" you'd deem  
My lot, a lover's, far from happy,  
You'd quite expect she then would seem  
Most irritable, cross and snappy!  
Yet, when "in arms" against me, I  
To love's behests my heart resign,  
She pillows 'gainst me with a sigh  
Her golden head,— the arms are mine.

*A Marked Discrepancy*

Estella handsome, debonair,  
And charming you would vote,  
You would not, though you viewed with care,  
A facial blemish note;  
A face of Grecian mould you'd see,  
But I, grown lover-wise,  
Am racked by the discrepancy  
Between her noes and ayes!

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Literary Critic*

I smiled the while I felt the blushes mount  
My cheeks as Mrs. Malaprop discoursed  
On literature. "Now there's Dubois' 'Count  
Of Monte Carlo, ah, his style is forced!  
My husband reads aloud to me, you know,  
He says good books are such a priceless boon.  
We've just commenced one—I enjoy it so,—  
It's just too lovely—Blackstone's '*Bonny Doon!*' "

*Her Mirror and Herself*

A clever looking-glass, forsooth,  
Has place on Mabel's mantel-shelf,  
So dainty and so neat, in truth,  
'Tis like its owner's own sweet self  
In some respects, for instance this:—  
You'll quick discern the simile—  
A clever looking-glass it is,  
A clever looking lass is she!

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Blissful Boon*

One boon do I crave out of Fortune's great store,  
One bliss of the many that's doled out by Fate,  
'Tis not that some maid should be loving me more  
'Tis not gift of wealth, I am happy to state,  
Nor even that Fame come and crown me with bay,  
No curl from a head wreathed with sunshiny wisps,  
But, oh, I've been craving for many a day  
A kith from the lipth of a dear girl who lisps.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Culprit*

I stole a kiss last night and Bessie said,  
    "‘That sly propensity you’ll yet be grieving.  
If you do that again," she hung her head,  
    "‘I’ll have you sent to jail for petty thieving."  
"A kiss like that just stolen," I replied,  
    If estimated by its worth to me,  
Would open up the prison portals wide;  
    The charge would be, at least, grand larceny!"

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*Cupid is King*

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*Courteous Acknowledgment*

The hall was dark last night, the lights were low;  
The clock on parlor mantel pointed ten.  
A lover, full determined now to go,  
Had paused to say a last good night again.  
A pair of lips presented to a face  
Of rosy sweetness kissed it o'er and o'er,  
Both face and lips exclaimed, so commonplace:  
"It seems that we have met sometime before!"

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*Cupid is King*

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*Her Subtle Power*

A woman's words persuasive  
We can listen to and meet  
With an answer that's evasive  
And an adjective that's sweet;  
But our logic seems so simple,  
And our self-possession flies,  
When her cheeks are all a-dimple  
And she reasons with her eyes.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Reminder*

When Phyllis sat her down to write,  
She first removed her glove,  
Her sweetheart was a laggard quite  
In telling her his love;  
And, thinking that a hint might serve  
To let him know, she placed  
This closing line, with sweep and curve,  
"Good night, dear, *Yours in haste!*"

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## *Cupid is King*

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### *A Challenge*

She stood at the gate with a wistful air,  
    'Twas dusk when a well-known footfall rang  
On the flinty pavement, and "Who goes there?"  
    The saucy challenge to red lips sprang.  
"A friend," her lover replied in bliss,  
    He was more than a mere friend, I opine,  
For four lips met in the pass-word kiss  
    Over the front gate's picket-line.

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*Cupid is King*

---

*Patriotic Colors*

Her teeth are rows of pearls,—they're white,  
This maiden so despotic,  
Her cheeks are red as roses bright,  
So, being patriotic,  
She feels she needs the azure hue,  
And I, her lover, smitten,  
Supply that shade,—she's made me blue  
By giving me the mitten.

*When She Tripped the Minuet*

Ah, her smiles were warm and sunny  
As the skies of August weeks,  
Bees might well have sipped the honey  
From the roses of her cheeks;  
Laughter conquered melancholy,  
Cares were easy to forget,  
On the eve when Mistress Polly  
Tripped the New Year's Minuet.

How the cheery candles twinkled,  
Shone on old brocades and lace!  
How the wigs with powder sprinkled  
Seemed to aureole each face!  
While the wealth of Christmas holly  
Waved a hearty welcome yet,  
On the eve when Mistress Polly  
Tripped the New Year's Minuet.

There were statesmen there assembled,  
There were heroes, master mine,  
Those who fought when freedom trembled  
On the field of Brandywine;  
Yet the gravest hearts grew jolly,  
For as freemen true they met,  
On the eve when Mistress Polly  
Tripped the New Year's Minuet.

*A Love Lilt From Bohemia*

No diamonds you wear in your nut-brown hair;  
No pearls to encircle your neck;  
There's never a jewel to glint and glare  
And never a gem to deck.  
Your tapering fingers have never a ring,  
They never a circlet knew;  
Yet a rarer thing than the gift of a king  
Is the gold of my love for you.

The world, I'm sure, 'will assert you're poor,  
And vow much poorer am I;  
But still our love shall endure, endure  
As long as the years go by.  
A simple toiler alone I stand,  
My wealth no miser can see;  
But richer than land in the king's command  
Is the gold of your love for me.

Your pure young life shall be free from strife,  
And all that I hope to be  
I'll payment make to my promised wife  
For the gold of her love for me.  
Together we'll laugh at the world unwise  
That fancies us poor, we two;  
And your pansy eyes shall behold a prize  
In the gold of my love for you.

*The Reign of Dolly Madison*

They say when Dolly Madison  
Wore, quite by right, the social bays,  
That laughter bubbled, overrun  
    'The Washington of other days.  
That mirth prevailed where now you'll find  
    Sedate and staid sobriety,  
They did not then so strictly mind  
    The canons of society.  
Less heed they paid to rank and station  
In Madison's administration.

They say that Dolly Madison  
Was wont on country legislators  
To lavish smiles, and plain homespun  
Was not tabooed by style's dictators.  
That brains instead of clothes were prized,  
    A thing that's very hard to credit,  
That with applause they recognized  
    The apt remark, not him who said it!  
    \*     \*     \*     \*     \*  
Ah, sad's the change throughout the nation  
Since Madison's administration.

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*Cupid is King*

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*A Bachelor's Love*

I will not sing my lady's grace,  
She may most awkward be,  
As for the beauty of her face  
I have no eyes to see.  
For me she holds more subtle charms,  
And oh, I sing to her  
Because she opens wide her arms  
To me, a bachelor.

I will not sing my lady's cheeks,  
They may be wan and pale,  
I'm only sure their nearness speaks  
A love that ne'er will fail.  
Her eyes, her lips, her hair, I know  
But little of their charms,  
She somehow rests and soothes me so  
I'm happy in her arms.

From me she lifts depression's load,  
She trips the stairs alone  
Unto my bachelor abode,  
And brings no chaperon.  
No Mrs. Grundy's gossip can  
From me her presence wean,—  
My sweet, who puts Care 'neath a ban,  
My Lady Nicotine!

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*Cupid is King*

---

*In the Choir*

When Ruby sings the songs of praise,  
I quite forget my worldly ways,  
And only list angelic lays,  
Her voice soars high and higher;  
It seems that e'en the minister  
In glances gives his love to her,  
Nor text to him doth e'er recur,  
When Ruby's in the choir.

Her prayerful pleadings seem to rise,  
Appealing both to weak and wise,  
Until they reach the vaulted skies  
And join with angel lyre;  
And yet I fear the songs that roll  
In tuneful rhyme to heaven's goal  
Beseech the heart instead of soul—  
When Ruby's in the choir.

*The Winter Girl*

The lucky chap of summer days  
Beyond her memory slips,  
The beau of seashore sands and sprays—  
She's chaps now on her lips!  
You'll quick infer from this that she  
Has felt the snowflakes whirl,  
And she is wrapped in fur, you see,  
The same old Winter girl.

The court where tennis-racquets swung  
Is now a drift of snow,—  
A willing court is paid by tongue  
And pen of fervent beau!  
And as for rackets; when he calls  
Her brother 'll raise a whirl  
Of boyish romping through the halls,—  
The same old Winter girl.

She's quite in highest feather now.  
You marvel much thereat?  
A turned-up brim's above her brow—  
She's feathers on her hat!  
Though purling brooks are sheets of ice,  
She's still a priceless pearl,  
The highest throw of Beauty's dice,  
The same old Winter girl.

*When James Monroe Was President*

Though fashion-plates were quite unknown,  
Was ever beauty like arrayed?  
Enchantment's spell has never flown  
From dainty lace and rich brocade.  
The dames, the maids, the gowns they wore  
Were taste and grace and beauty blent,  
And hearts were warm unto the core  
When James Monroe was President.

The beaux, rare gentlemen, forsooth,  
Wore wigs combed up in powdered puff,  
And no one blushed to take, in truth,  
From silver box a pinch of snuff.  
Sweet Courtesy held high command,  
And men were peers to all intent,  
The mark of rank an honest hand,  
When James Monroe was President.

And tallow molded round a wick  
When burning seemed as diamonds bright,  
They'd scarce have traded candlestick  
For twinkling incandescent light,  
The dames, the maids, the gallants all,  
Who long have slept 'neath earthy tent,  
The same whose presence graced the ball  
When James Monroe was President.

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*Cupid is King*

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Ah, long the years that intervene,  
Yet, laugh, ye scoffers, as ye may,  
Still Purity's acknowledged queen,  
And Courtesy is king to-day.  
Hearts beat as warm to-day as then,  
And charity's as kindly meant  
As 'twas 'mong those, God's noblemen,  
When James Monroe was President.

*The Bachelor Girl*

One may laugh at the love lorn and lonely old maids,  
And pity their husbandless state,  
Since their hopes one by one they have tenderly laid  
In the narrow graves fashioned by fate;  
But the other, who loses not maidenhood's way  
Of setting men's hearts in a whirl,  
She is not an old maid, though she's thirty to-day;  
She is simply a bachelor girl.

Distinguish between them sure anyone can,  
'Tis not a mere matter of years;  
The one places gaiety under a ban  
When the very first wrinkle appears;  
The other keeps youth in her heart through the maze  
And the daze of life's unceasing swirl,  
And she wears not conventional spinsterhood grays,  
So we call her the bachelor girl.

She's piquant and pretty, she's witty and wise,  
Conversant with music and art,  
And she looks on the world through her optimist eyes  
As more than a conscienceless mart.  
Tea tipples and tabby cats both she taboos,  
That hall-mark of spinsters, the curl;  
Oh, may her sweet presence the world never lose—  
Hurrah for the bachelor girl!

*Unchanged*

Here in the chest filled with grandmother's things,  
Laces and patchwork, and letters, and rings,  
Old time daguerreotypes—faded, I vow,—  
Links in the chain 'twixt the Then and the Now,  
Moldy and mildewed and yellowed with age,  
Madge has discovered a scrawled-over page,  
Vowing a love in the shadow or shine,  
Coined into verse on an old valentine.

Two generations have lived and grown gray,  
Even the third is now well on its way,  
Mother and daughter, and daughter,—in fine,  
Madge, as you see, is the third in the line.  
Still the same passion endures as of yore,  
“Love laughs at locksmiths” as loud as before,  
Tenderest words grow as mellow as wine,  
Coined into verse on an old valentine.

Faded by time and grown yellow with age,  
Neat little, sweet little, scrawled-over page!  
Many and many the change since the day  
Grandmother kissed it and laid it away,—  
Changes of fashion and changes of art,  
Never a change in the ways of the heart.  
Well might that vow, Madge, be taken as mine—  
Coined into verse on an old valentine.

*When Dolly Plays Croquet*

In gown of tulle and snowy lace,  
With all of modest maiden grace,  
Sweet Dolly comes and takes her place  
    The simple game to play;  
And every ball her mallet taps  
Responsive rolls through wicket-gaps,  
For they, like me, are charmed, perhaps,  
    When Dolly plays croquet.

The goal seems far beyond my reach,  
Her heart as well—yet I beseech  
With ardent looks and stumbling speech  
    That she be mine for aye,  
Though easy wickets oft I miss,  
A fair exchange I view with bliss,  
To lose the game and win a kiss  
    When Dolly plays croquet.

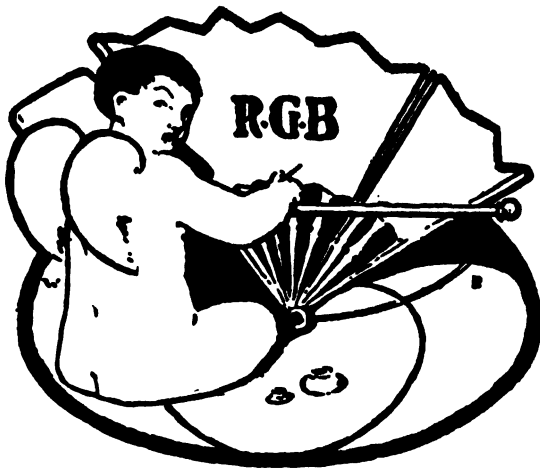
*Song of the Skater*

When the cold, midwinter breezes  
    Pile the snow, a drifting mass,  
When the placid mill-pond freezes  
    To an opaque sheet of glass,  
Mine's the mood to bless the season,  
    None less thankful mood is Kate's,  
Joy transcendeth rhyme or reason  
    While I fasten on her skates.

Though the winds are cold and biting,  
    What care we for chill or chap?  
There is sport ahead, delighting,  
    Ringing steel and icy snap.  
Awkwardly—I so adore her—  
    Looking close to see if mates,  
Suitor-like I kneel before her  
    While I fasten on her skates.

Then the thrill, the exultation,  
    As we join the skating band,  
Swift my heart's loud palpitation  
    When I gliding hold her hand;—  
But the greatest source of bliss is  
    When my plea for pay she waits,  
And she says: "To-night, three kisses"—  
    While I fasten on her skates.





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*by*  
**RICHARD G. BADGER**















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